

The Impresario.

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to Music, Literature, and Art.

VOL. II.

ST. LOUIS, MAY, 1873.

NO. 3.

For the Impresario.

MAUD.

BY J. A. MEE.

I see before me, pure and bright,
A gentle maid—slowly creeping
Into womanhood—as rays of light
From morning's hand, slowly peeping—
Revealing of the new-born day.
A precious gift from childhood's hands,
New-ushered on the thorny way.
With simple, untried faith she stands—
A woman. While her artless grace,
In gentle motions, sweet, refined,
Her well-marked, clear, refined face
Reveals the pure and spotless mind;
In the downcast, gentle eyes,
All tinted o'er with heavenly blue,
I faintly trace the wealth that lies
Half-opened to my wond'ring view.
But when the windows of the soul
Are full, unarticulated, far beyond
I see the living fallows roll—
Composed of sorrows, joys, of fond
Affections, cares, griefs and tears;
Of passions born, but yet unknown;
Of joys to come, of hopes, of fears,
In strangest, wildest chaos thrown!
Yet, high upon her temple's throne—
While Love and Truth gathered 'round—
Sits Reason; in proud, supreme, alone—
Above them all, her voice is found
To rule each separate passion; guides
With careful hand to every deed
Accomplished. Thus, her reason rides
Above herself. In this I read
That marks the woman brave and true
To all her duties. Nobly born
From Nature's hand, and strong to do
The right, her priceless gifts adorn
With majesty her womanhood!

For the Impresario.

CIMAROSA.

THE subject of our present sketch, not so well known and appreciated in this country as his merits deserve, was one of the most celebrated Italian opera composers. Born at Aversa, in the Kingdom of Naples, of poor parents, his younger years were spent, according to one account, in a baker shop. Besides other duties, he had to carry the bread to the customers, among whom was the celebrated singer Aprile. One day as he entered Aprile's house the latter was giving a singing lesson to a young lady; and, concealing himself behind a door, he eagerly listened to the instructions. Here he was found by Aprile, who soon discovered in him rare germs of musical talent, and set himself about the task of developing them. He himself gave him instructions, and then sent him to the Conservatory della Pietà, where he

soon became distinguished for a surprising combination of genius and application. He was hardly nineteen years old when he presented to the public the burlesque opera *la Baronessa Stramba*, which reaped immense applause and gave fair indications of Cimarosa's future achievements. The year following (1785) he went to Rome and composed *L'Italiana in Londra*, and, after the Carnival, returned to Naples and wrote *La Fiuta Tarigima* and *La Fiuta Fraxatana*.

At this period Paisiello was at the height of his glory, and the whole of Europe applauded his genius. Cimarosa had just entered upon his career, but, trusting to the inspiration of his genius, he boldly entered the lists with him for public approval and praise. In 1779 and 1780 he produced the operas *I Finti Nobili*, *L'Armida Immaginaria* and *Gli Amanti Comici*, which were received with enthusiasm. In 1779 he again visited Rome and presented, in the course of this one year, *Il Ritorno di Don Calandro*, *Cajo Mario* (one of his sweetest productions), *Il Mercato di Malmantile*, *l'Assalone* and *La Giuletta*. During the seven following years, besides writing many compositions of Church music, he produced twenty-one operas, among which *Il Comito di Petra* created such enthusiasm at its first rendition in Venice that, at the conclusion, the audience bore him home in triumph.

Cimarosa's fame had by this time spread over the whole of Europe, and all were astonished at the extraordinary fertility of his mind, which, in every new production, showed signs of originality, and of a deep inventive spirit. The Empress Catherine II of Russia invited him to St. Petersburg and offered him the position of Dramatic Composer to her court. On his way he composed at Turin *Il Valdimiro*, which was received with great applause. Arrived in St. Petersburg, he set to work immediately, and in a short time presented several operas of great merit. He composed more than two hundred single pieces for the court, and wrote the grand cantata *La Serrata non Provocata* for Prince Potemkin. But the northern climate did not agree with his constitution, and he determined to seek out a milder sun. He chose Vienna, and arriving there in 1792, he was received with open arms by the Emperor Leopold II, who appointed him Director of the Italian Opera. Here he composed his *chef d'œuvre*, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, which, following upon more than seventy operas and an immense number of various other compositions, by its perfection in every way raised its author to that climax of the most exalted style of comic opera that genius alone can attain. The effect of its

first presentation was such that the emperor, after giving the performers a supper, had the entire opera repeated, and listened to it with no less rapture than the first time. A peculiarity of it is, that brass instruments are excluded from the orchestra, and the other wind instruments sparingly used, without injury, however, to the accompaniments, which are of a rich and brilliant character. The career of Cimarosa in Vienna was cut short by the death of the Emperor Leopold, and he returned, in 1793, to Naples, where he produced some of his finest works, including *Il Matrimonio per Susurro*, *La Fenelope*, *l'Impresario*. In 1796 he was again at Rome, where he gave *I Nemici Generosi*, whence he went to Venice and wrote *Orsini e Curiali*. After visiting Rome once more, in 1798, during the time of the Carnival, he returned to Naples, presenting several operas in both cities, and in the latter a grand cantata, *La Felicità Compita*. In 1799 the royal family fled from Naples on the approach of the French Republican Army, and during the few months that the latter occupied the city, Cimarosa avowed himself so openly in favor of the revolutionary doctrines of the age that, upon the return of the Bourbons, he was thrown into prison, where he languished in close confinement for many months. Released in 1800, on conditions that he would quit the Neapolitan territory, he repaired to Venice, where he died the following year, January 11, 1801, in consequence, it is said, of the treatment to which he had been subjected. He left an opera, *Artemisia*, unfinished at the time of his death.

The accounts of Mme. Adeline Patti's benefit at St. Petersburg present the Emperor Alexander in a new light. His Majesty, according to the published reports of the proceedings, went on to the stage, and, with his own hands, offered the heroine of the evening "a diamond coronet representing wild roses." At the inspiring sight of the Czar of all the Russias making a present on the public boards to an undoubtedly charming prima donna, the loyal audience rose as one man and applauded with enthusiasm; though what they applauded, whether the emperor or prima donna, or the homage done by the former to the latter, does not appear. This seems the most extraordinary performance in which royalty has taken part since the days of Louis XIV, who, though he acted and danced on the stage, did so only at court entertainments, where he was more or less among acquaintances.

ROBT. HALL was once asked what he thought of an elegant sermon which had created a great sensation. "Very fine, sir," he replied; "but a man can't eat flowers."

Henry Howard Brownell.

They never crowned him, never knew his worth,
But let him go unaltered to the grave.

Hereafter—yes!—are questions for the brave,
Roses for martyrs who wear thorns on earth,
Balm for bruised hearts that languish in the death
Of human lore. So let the lilies wave
Above him, nameless. Little did he crave
Men's praises. Modestly, with kindly mirth
Not sad, nor bitter, he accepted fate—
Drank deep of life, knew books and hearts of men,
Cities and camps, and War's immortal we;
Yet bore, through all (such virtue in him sat,
His spirit is not whiter now than then!)

A simple, loyal nature, pure as snow.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A Fraud and its Consequences.

WHILE the undue importance which has been attached to a mere knowledge of notation may have benefited the pockets of a few empirics among us, it has, nevertheless, wrought the most mischievous consequences upon vocal art. People have been led to believe that by simply acquiring a little of the rudiments of music (and that little not even in a proper way), they acquire the art of singing; and that as soon as they are able to read a piece of music—at sight, as they call it—they may consider themselves perfected singers, or know something about that fine art. It is not necessary to point out the origin of this wicked deception—to allude to the pages of "Rudiments" and "Elements," set forth as instructions to the art of singing, and as summaries of information on that subject—not to the schools and classes for instruction in the rudiments of music, which are, nevertheless, termed "singing schools," "vocal classes," etc. All this artful and money-making machinery is familiar to the reader. But it is time that the false pretensions and injurious tendencies of this system were properly exposed.

The art of music-reading and the art of singing are radically distinct arts, and require, in their communication, widely differing processes. Therefore, to call that a singing school, or singing class, in which only music reading is taught, is an ignorant or an artful abuse of terms. In either case it is a fraud on the learner. Nor is it a mere passive or harmless fraud, but one most deeply injurious, puffing him up with false notions of his abilities, and confirming him in those vocal deformities which it is the first step of a teacher of singing to overcome, having often witnessed the practical fruits of these self-styled "singing classes." The scholars may be able to read an air from a book or blackboard, after a considerable waste of time, but how do they read it? We should be sorry to inflict upon a tutored ear the experimental answer to this question. Though the combined power of the voices may present the sounds tolerably in tune, the individual tones are of very conceivably quality, from the delicious nasal squeak to the roughest species of growl. And yet we have heard the teacher confirm such an attempt as this by pronouncing it "Very good!" "Very

well!" "The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, or the Philharmonic Society of St. Louis, cannot do that as well as you do it," etc., leaving the class to infer that they were making railway speed in the art of singing! Is it a wonder that such scholars afterward assume the pretensions of "singers," under the supposition that they have been taught to sing, though unable to produce a single vocal sound that would not distress, by some blemish or impurity, an educated ear? Encased in a little knowledge of notation, and possessed, perhaps, of good natural voices, these musical Quixotes are quite ready to attack any melody not defended by a bristling signature, or a few accidentals, and also any individual who dares to dispute their legitimate connection with true knights-cantante.

Such are some of the ridiculous evils flowing from this species of *frand* that has been so long and extensively practiced on the public. Did any one ever inquire why, with its cities, towns, and villages overstocked with "singing" schools, "singing" classes, "singing" teachers, and "rudiments," and "elements" of music, America has yet produced so few artistic singers? Or why, with such facilities for musical instruction, there are so few who neither know nor can do more in the way of music than to *whine* or *crumble* a part in a psalm tune? If this inquiry never has been made, it is time it were rigidly instituted.

To impart a knowledge of notation requires only a little tact, and but little musical information. It is soon given and soon acquired. It can, moreover, be communicated at the same moment, with as much ease and effect, to a hundred persons as to one individual. What wonder, then, that this species of instruction, which would be of no account with the public, were it not dishonestly termed "instruction in singing," finds a multitude of promulgators in a country where so many are seeking an avenue to wealth?

Vocal teaching, on the contrary, requires much varied learning and talent—a thorough knowledge of the physiology of the vocal organs, their natural tendencies and acquired capabilities, their susceptibility to derangement from physical or mental causes, with the various manifestations of such derangement, and the proper vocal or other treatment to be adapted, even to each individual case. It requires an intimate acquaintance with the best schools of vocal art and discipline, whether Italian, English, German, or French, and the practical ability to illustrate each in all its attainments. It demands, moreover, sound judgment, refined and thoroughly disciplined taste, a knowledge of harmony, skill in accompanying, tact in communicating, a watchful attention, patience, and general intelligence. What wonder, then, that with the existing state of public intelligence on the subject, so few persons are found willing and qualified for this pursuit! It is, moreover, slow and progressive in its influence on the learner, requiring years of diligent application. He is, therefore, from this circumstance, the more readily decaying into the reading class,

where, with a little time, he may acquire a little knowledge of notation, which he ignorantly imagines is to put him in possession of the proper understanding and use of his voice, because, forsooth, it is called a "singing class," and "tunes" and "exercises" (even on two lines) are sung there. How "singing," we have already shown in this article. As well might he expect to acquire the grace and poetry of motion through the use of military manual exercise, as the art of singing by these systems of humbuggery.

To all who are thus deceived we say, in conclusion, "there is but one royal road to art." Bear this in your memories; that a person may be able to read a piece of vocal music, and yet not be able to sing two notes in a manner fit to be heard. You may know the name of every degree and note of a staff (provided it is not Loomis' steps in music, for his notes have no names),—be able to give to each its proper pitch, and yet not understand the first letter of the alphabet of singing—the *philosophy of a pure tone*. Of what use, then, is notation, or the representations of sounds, to him who cannot properly produce the sounds represented?—to spend year after year in singing do, re, mi, or one, two, three, and at last not be able to sing the easiest song to be listened to with pleasure by a cultivated ear?

ANCIENT MUSIC.

SONGS have at all times afforded amusement and consolation to mankind; every passion of the human heart has been vented in song. It is recorded by Plutarch, and others, that all the guests sang together at table, in the same strain, the praises of the divinity, a sacred canticle before meat, and afterward for entertainment; each one sang in turn, holding a branch of myrtle in his hand, which passed from the last singer to the next. Every profession and trade had its song—the shepherds, the reapers, the millers, the weavers, the wool-carders, the nurses, and the lovers; and such was the love of music amongst these refined people that their songs entered into all their exhibitions and amusements.—*Music in Nature.*

FOLEY HALL, the author of "Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming," was a gentleman of wealth and great intellectual endowment. Admired and petted, he led a wild, heedless life, in which his wealth melted away, until he had not wherewithal to buy his daily bread. The woman he had loved discarded him. In the deepest distress he composed this charming song. A London publisher gave him one hundred dollars for it—a mere pittance for such a spendthrift. He wrote other successful songs, but in a moment of weakness, depressed with poverty, he forged the name of his publisher; and, notwithstanding most strenuous efforts in his behalf were made by his friends, in which the publisher joined, Foley Hall was sent to Newgate prison, where he died, broken-hearted, before his trial came on.

TO MISS LOTTIE FRANKLIN.



BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

SONG.

Music by

SILVIO PRATEL.

3½

Published by **BOLLMAN & SCHATZMAN.** *St. Louis Mo.*

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.


SILVIO PRATEL.

MODERATO.

O, the snow, the beau - ti - ful snow, Fill - ing the
 O, the snow, the beau - ti - ful snow, How the flakes

sky and the earth be - low; O - ver the house - top,
 gath - er and laugh as they go! Whirling a - bout in its

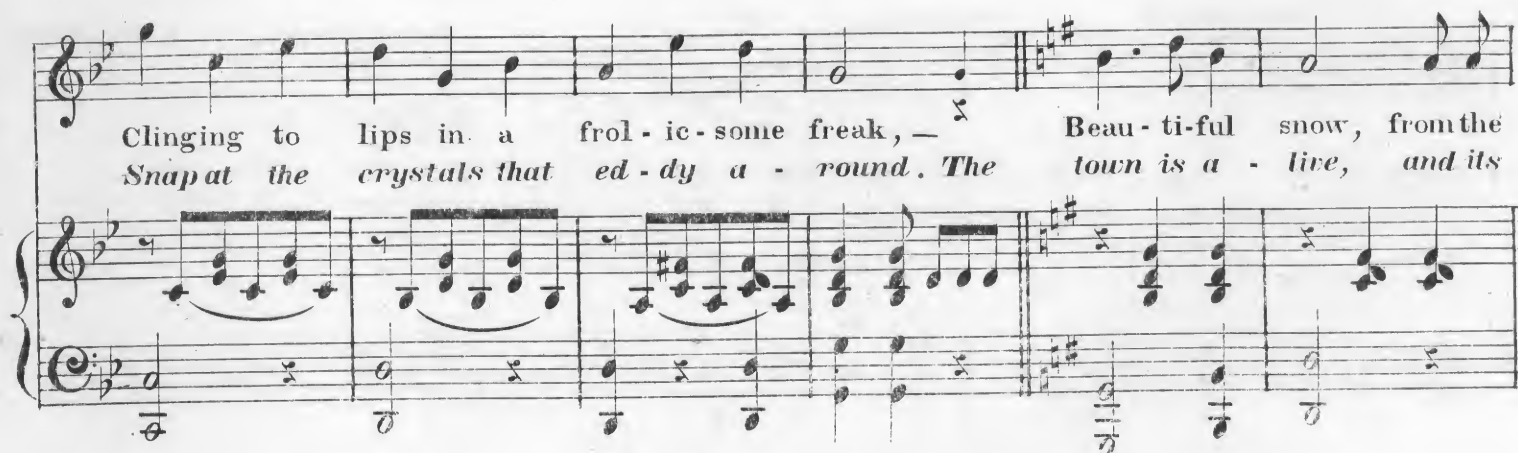
o - ver the street, O - ver the heads of the peo - ple you meet;
 madden - ing fun, It plays in its glee with ev' - ry one.



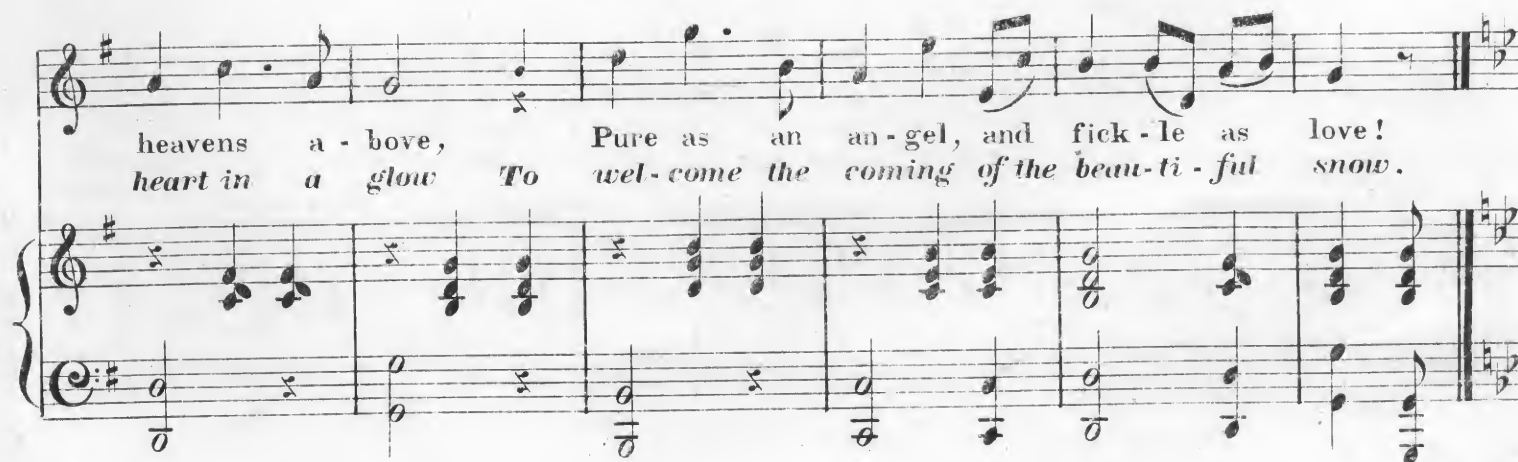
Dan - cing, flirt - ing, skimming a - long; Beau - ti - ful snow! it can
Chas - ing, laugh - ing, hur - ry - ing by, It lights up the face, and it



do nothing wrong; Fly - ing to kiss a fair la - dy's cheek,
sparkles the eye; And e - ven the dogs, with a bark and a bound,



Clinging to lips in a frolic - some freak, — Beau - ti - ful snow, from the
Snap at the crystals that ed - dy a - round. The town is a - live, and its



heavens a - bove, Pure as an an - gel, and fick - le as love!
heart in a glow To wel - come the coming of the beau - ti - ful snow.

CHORUS.

Sop.?
Alto.

Tenor.
Bass.

Snow so pure when it falls from the sky, To be tram-pled in

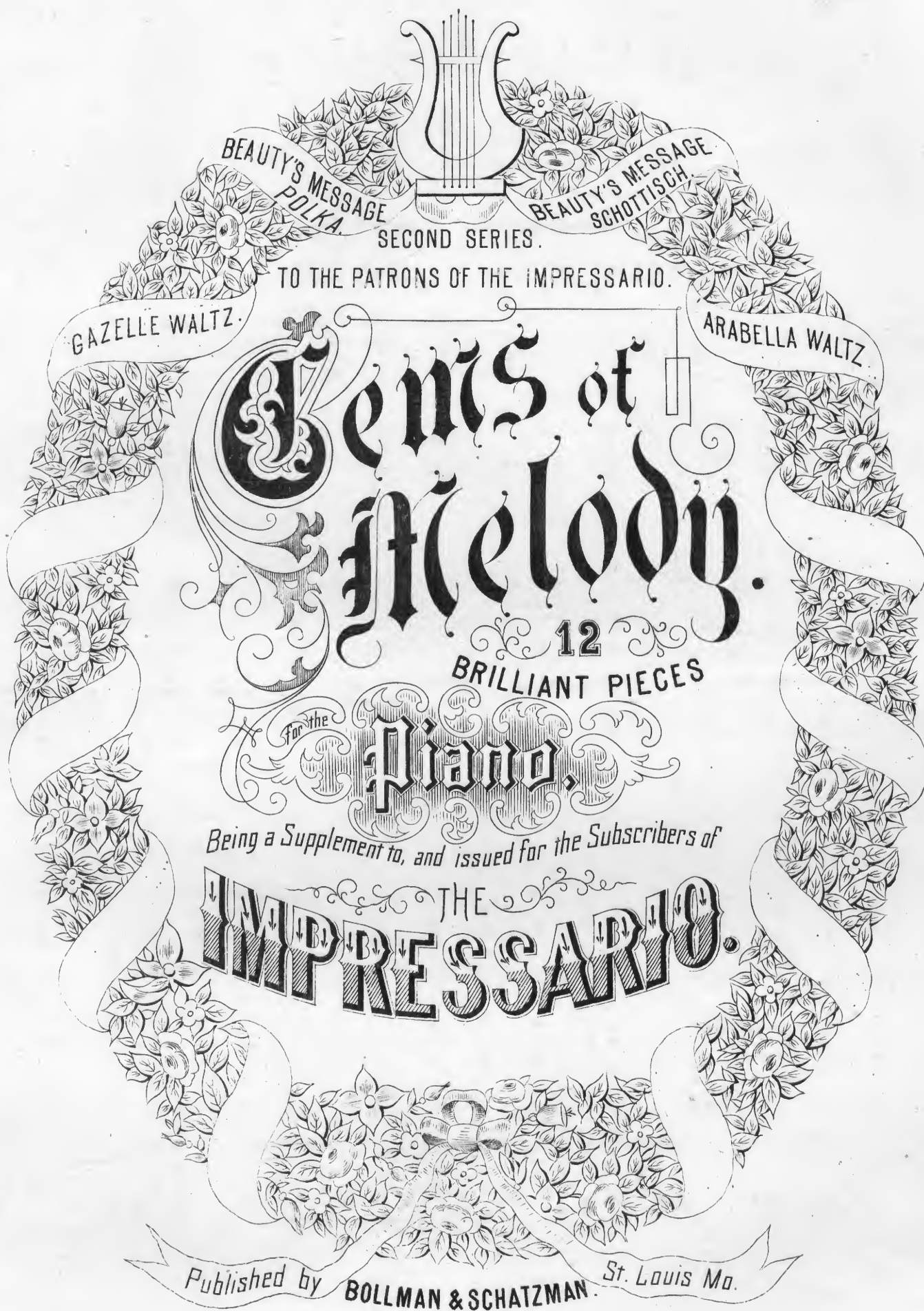
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky, To be tram-pled in

mud by the crowd rush-ing by, To be trampled and track'd by

mud by the crowd rush-ing by, To be trampled and track'd by

thousands of feet, Till it blends with the filth in the hor-ri-ble street.

thousands of feet, Till it blends with the filth in the hor-ri-ble street.



ARABELLA WALTZ.

Composed by

JOSEPH BEYER.

PIANO. *ff*

The first system of musical notation for the piano part of 'Arabella Waltz'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a forte (ff) dynamic. The right hand plays a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

The second system of musical notation for the piano part. It continues the melody from the first system. The right hand features a triplet of eighth notes and a series of sixteenth notes. The left hand continues with a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. A piano (p) dynamic marking is present at the beginning of the system.

The third system of musical notation for the piano part. It continues the melody from the second system. The right hand features a triplet of eighth notes and a series of sixteenth notes. The left hand continues with a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

The fourth system of musical notation for the piano part. It concludes the piece with a final cadence. The right hand features a triplet of eighth notes and a series of sixteenth notes. The left hand continues with a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

4 3

8va

f

p

8va

f

p

8va

p

8va

3

3

dolce.

p

8^a

8^a

p

3

3

D.C. al Fine.

3

MUSICAL MICE.

THE writer has elsewhere expressed his belief that among the Rodents is a good latent or undeveloped musical capacity. The squeal of the frightened rabbit is musical; while the whistle of the woodchuck enlivens its burrow with homely, merry little song. That our little cosmopolite, the Old World mouse, whom Linnaeus, on account of its smallness among its fellows, named *mus-musculus*, has achieved some distinction in the musical line, almost everybody knows. Even his less graceful, big relative, the rat, has tried his hand at the pipes, and not wholly without success. And, among these little erratics, some have been known that might be called more comical than entertaining—certain eccentrics known as hiccoughing mice. But these and the above are all, wherever found, directly or indirectly, of the Old World race. A late friend of ours had a domestic mouse—"a singer, that is," as the old man said, "not much; but it would whistle a little—chirrup, you know." Now, it happened that one day our friend caught two wood mice, real natives—delicate, white footed things that looked too innocent to do anything else than step mincingly around in their delicate, white-satin slippers. So they were put into the cage with the singing mouse. Whether, like some other folks, they had no appreciation of foreign airs, we have no means of answering; but alas! in spite of their silken ways, they at once set upon and murdered the little musical mouse. My friend, Philip J. Ryall, Esq., in the spring of 1871, when at his Florida home, near St. Augustine, was disturbed at night by what he supposed to be the chirping of birds in the chimney. The mystery was cleared up in an unexpected way. A very small mouse came up from a crevice in the hearth, and, with singular boldness, took position in the middle of the sitting-room floor. Here it sat up on its hind feet and looked around with the utmost confidence, all the time singing in a low, soft, yet really warbling style. This visit became a daily business, until it paid the penalty of its temerity by being captured. About a month after, this prodigy was entrusted to the custody of the writer. Of course, it came introduced as a "singing-house-mouse." What was our astonishment at recognizing, in the little stranger, a true *Hesperomys*, and no house mouse at all! It was one of the wood-mice, and among the smallest of its species. Every pains was taken to secure the comfort and well-being of my little guest. And what an ample reward I reaped! For a considerable time she carolled almost incessantly, except when she slept. Day and night she rollicked in tiny song, her best performances being usually at night. To me it was often a strange delight, when, having wrought into late hours, and the weary brain had become so needful and yet so repellent of sleep, I lay down and gave up to listening to the songster, whose little cage I had set on a chair by my bedside. To be sure, it has a low, very low, sweet voice.

But there was, with a singular weirdness, something so sweetly merry, that I would listen on, and on, until I would fall asleep in the lullaby of my wingless and quadrupedal bob-o-link. The cage had a revolving cylinder or wheel, such as tame squirrels have. In this it would run for many minutes at a time, singing at its utmost strength. Although I have now been entertained by these pretty little melodies for a year, yet I would not dare redescribe them. She had two especially notable performances. I called these *roles*—one the *wheel-song*, because it was usually sung while in the revolving cylinder; and the other the *grand role*. A remarkable fact in the latter is the scope of the little creature's musical powers. Her soft, clear voice falls an octave with all the precision possible; then, at its wind-up, it rises again into a very quick trill on C sharp and D.

REV. SAMUEL LOCKWOOD, PH. D.

Paganini's Magical Use of the Bow.

BEING pressed to explain the manner in which he had acquired such proficiency in the use of this instrument, he replied: "I was playing at the Court of Lucca, to the Princess (Napoleon's favorite sister), and another fascinating creature who must be nameless, who, I flattered myself, felt a penchant for me, and was never absent from my performances; on my own side, I had long been her admirer. Our mutual fondness became gradually stronger and stronger; but we were forced to conceal it, and by this means its strength and fervor were greatly enhanced. One day I promised to surprise her at the next concert with a musical joke which should convey an allusion to our attachment; and I accordingly gave notice at court that I should bring forward a musical novelty, under the title of a Love Scene. The whole world was on tip-toe; and, on the evening appointed, I made my appearance, violin in hand. I had previously robbed it of the two middle strings, so that none but the E and G remained; the first string being designed to play the maiden's part, and the lowest the youth's. I began with a species of dialogue, in which I attempted to introduce movements analogous to transient bickerings and reconciliations between the lovers. Now my strings groaned, and then sighed; and anon, isped, hesitated, joked and joyed, till at last they sported with merry jubilee. Shortly both souls joined once more in harmony, and the appeased lovers quarrelled to a *Pas de deux*, which terminated in a brilliant *coda*. This brilliant fantasia of mine was greeted with loud applause. The lady, to whom every scene referred, rewarded me by looks of delight, and full of sweetness; and the princess was charmed into such amiable condescension, that she loaded me with encomiums, asking me whether, since I could produce so much with two strings, it would not be possible to gratify them by playing on one only. I yielded instant assent. The idea tickled my

fancy; and, as the emperor's birth-day was at hand, I composed a sonata for the G string, which I entitled 'Napoleon'; and played before the court with so much effect, that a cantabile, given by Cimarosa, fell without producing any impression upon the hearers. This is the genuine and original cause of my predilection for the G string. People were afterwards importunate to hear more of this performance, and in this way I became day by day a greater adept in this mystery of handling the bow."—*Music in Nature*.

THE ROSAS IN EGYPT.

CARL ROSA writes to *The Arcadian* from Cairo, under date of January 11, to contradict the report that Madame Parepa-Rosa had not met with success in Egypt. He says: "Madame Rosa has been even more successful than her friends predicted. She was received from the first with the greatest enthusiasm, and whenever she sings, the Viceroy, who very seldom comes to this theatre, is sure to be present. Madame Rosa has up to this time sung 'Puritani,' 'Norma,' 'The Huguénots' and 'The Trovatore,' and is to appear to-night in 'Ruy Blas.' I am, in truth, at a loss to understand how such a rumor should have reached you, except that it is the coinage of some interested party who fears that Madame will return to America with fresh honors. The same article intimates that Madame Rosa succeeded better in the United States than anywhere else. This may be true financially, but not artistically. She succeeded better in America because there we were our own managers, and put our own money into the enterprise, confident that the American people would sustain any scheme undertaken liberally and in a straightforward manner, in the interest of art. The salaries paid at St. Petersburg, Cairo, London and Paris are much in advance of those obtained in America. Madame Rosa sang in London, where she arrived about the middle of last season, and her success was most emphatic. It was so marked that she had immediate offers from St. Petersburg, Paris and Cairo, and only accepted the latter place because her physician assured her that the mild climate would be beneficial after the excessive work of the American campaign. "I beg of you, therefore, to contradict the foolish rumor, and to believe me when I say that I consider the judgment of American audiences more severe than those of European audiences. I will go farther and say that if an artist is accepted in the States, he need not fear to go anywhere else; and, on the contrary, that many artists who have got a great position in Europe would not be tolerated in America."

Brignoli has been cruelly received in Italy. The latest admonition came from a small theater in Nice. He was to sing in "Lucia," but after the first few phrases he was assailed by a storm of hisses and the curtain was dropped.

The Impressario.

ST. LOUIS, MAY, 1879.

We desire sound communications, either for the Correspondent's Column, or upon matters of a Musical, Art, or Literary nature.

The doings of musical associations will be carefully noted, if they simply keep us informed of their character.

Communications will appear at the earliest possible convenience. In all cases append the *real* name; write plainly on one side of the paper.

We can not be responsible for numbers of *The Impressario* lost through change of residence of subscribers. Notify us immediately, enclosing new address.

Subscribers finding a cross drawn through this notice will understand that their paper ceases with this number. In no case will the paper be continued after the expiration of the time paid for.

MUSIC WITH THIS NUMBER.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW—Song	35 cts.
ARABELLA WALTZ.....	35 cts.

THE DETTINGEN TE DEUM.

OUR subject is one of the masterpieces, one of the noblest works of the great Handel. This remarkable music was composed in the year 1743, in honor of a victory obtained by King George II., at the village of Dettingen, in Bavaria, Germany. On this occasion the King's horse took the bit between his teeth, and had nearly carried his rider to the French camp before he was stopped. The King, concluding his legs were more trustworthy than his unruly steed, dismounted, leant the army sword in hand, and, after a severe contest, won the battle. It was the custom at this time to sing Te Deums after all victories, either on land or at sea, and Handel was called upon to compose one in honor of this last triumph. The composition was finished in due time, and a journal of that time makes the following note of its rehearsal: "Yesterday a Te Deum and Anthem, composed for his Majesty by Mr. Handel, was rehearsed before a splendid assembly at Whitehall Chapel, and are said by the best judges to be so truly masterly and sublime, as well as new in their kind, that they prove this great genius not only inexhaustible, but likewise rising to a higher degree of perfection." "Posterity has ratified this judgment," says Schelcher, in his admirable life of Handel, and he further remarks: "Handel set to music five different times, in the space of thirty years, the hymn of St. Ambrose, and always with new beauties, always with a fresh color." Burney says: "The Te Deum was performed at the commemoration of 1784 with fourteen trumpets, two pairs of common kettle-drums, two pairs of double drums from the Tower, and one pair of double bass drums, made expressly for this occasion;" and he further declares the effect to be "indescribable." Why this magnificent music is not better known, it is difficult to say; but as Mr. Thomas and orchestra have taken it in hand, we may rest assured its merits will be brought out to the fullest extent.

SCHILLER'S ROBBERS.

HE had finished the original sketch of it in 1778, but for fear of offence he kept it secret till his medical studies were completed. He finished these in time, and with those ordinary honors obtained by students in this profession. Shortly after he was fortunate enough to secure the appointment of surgeon to the regiment *Auge*, and through the means derived from this position, he was enabled to publish his *Robbers*, which he was obliged to do at his own expense, he having tried in vain to find a publisher who would undertake it. The work attracted immediate attention. The ability displayed in every line was so marked that it proved its author to be a man of no mean ability, and some were even candid enough to accord him genius. Yet many well-disposed persons were aggrieved at some of the expressions of the several characters, considering them dangerous to the heads of State. The Grison's magistrates, it appeared, were offended grievously at the manner in which their people were spoken of, according to the Suabian adage, as *common highwaymen*. Poor Schiller was persecuted on every hand; those of accorded worth discountenanced him because he was their rival; and his inferiors, because their envious souls were filled with mortification at the sight of a man rising above themselves. Complaints still continued, and at last the Grand Duke was appealed to. This personage expressed, in no choice terms, his disapprobation of the work, but offered, out of extraordinary goodness of heart, we may suppose, to aid Schiller in the revision of his play; but the author refused his aid so sharply as to necessitate his immediate departure from the domain of the angry Duke. It is almost inconceivable that one so young should have written a work of such great merit, for he was but twenty-two years of age when it was composed, and it immediately placed his name among the foremost writers of the drama.

MADAME CATALANI.

IT is related of this artist, that she was once a wandering match-girl in the streets of Rome; and yet, in her after-career, she visited every court of Europe, and was the recipient of the most valuable presents from its crowned heads. She was once invited by the captain of a ship cruising off Brighton to a brilliant fete, to be held on board his vessel. She accepted the invitation, and while in the boat, on their way to the ship, she began, without notice, to sing the air "*Aule Britannia*." "Had a voice from the great deep spoken the effect could not have been more instantaneous and sublime. The sailors, not knowing whom they were rowing, were so astonished and enchanted into inactivity, that with one accord they rested upon their oars, while tears trembled in the eyes of most of them. 'You see, Madame,' said the captain, 'the effect this favorite air has upon those brave men, when sung by the finest voice in the world. I have been in many victorious

battles, but never felt any excitement equal to this.'" When they reached the ship the sailors entreated her to repeat the song, which she did in even a more powerful manner than before. As she left the frigate the men commenced cheering, and continued until this charming lady had passed from their view.

MUSICALE.

THE residence of Mr. John Kieselhorst, President of the Haydn Orchestra, of this city, was the scene of a most pleasant musical entertainment a few evenings since. There were present, besides host and hostess, the Misses Van, Jacobs, Ruff, and Ella and Jennie Keating; and Messrs. Runyan, Lasar, Olshausen, Herwig, Driscoll, and Prof. Wm. Navo, conductor. A fine chorus was given from "*Anna Bolena*," the solo being creditably sustained by Miss Jennie Van. Miss Julia Jacobs sang with great sweetness and expression a solo from "*Robert le Diable*," and Miss Van gave a pleasant interpretation of Schubert's "*Serenade*." We have seldom heard a neater rendition than that of Mozart's "*Trump and Spear*." The solos by Miss Ella Keating were given in quite a praiseworthy manner. This lady possesses a light, rich, and sympathetic voice, and which will yet, by care and judicious training, place her with our best local artists. Prof. Navo's "*Ave Maria*" was next on the programme, and as a composition and performance proved exceedingly acceptable. "*Marie and Kizzio*," and "*When through Life*," were pleasantly sung by the Misses Van and Ruff. The orchestra executed in admirable manner many of the choicest gems of opera, while the untiring attention of Mr. and Mrs. Kieselhorst made the evening one of the most delightful in our experience.

MUSICAL REHEARSAL.

WE had the pleasure, a few evenings since, of attending a private rehearsal of several orchestral compositions of Prof. Malme, of this city. There were quite a number of well-known musicians present, who rendered with spirit, and in excellent taste, the music played before them, bearing in mind the fact that it was entirely new. Of the music: the first movement of the "*Overture*" is quite a pleasing production, as also the "*Serenade*." The "*Marche Funebre*" is evidently a work of merit; but as of all of them little can be said at present. They were placed on rehearsal for the first time, and of course more or less imperfect; with these remedied, we may safely pronounce them a credit to the author. But what particularly struck us was the excellent judgment displayed in the distribution of the instruments; every one appeared in the right place, and we doubt if a better disposition could have been made.

Mr. STRAKOSCH has purchased the exclusive right of representing Verdi's "*Aida*" in America.

CURIOUS CRITICISMS.

WHEN we read the critical sentences of the last century we are amazed at the inconceivable blindness which they seem to imply. Goldsmith, to take a case at random, was undoubtedly a man of fine taste; he tells us apropos of Waller's ode on the death of Cromwell, that our poetry was not then "quite harmonized; so that this, which would now be looked upon as a slovenly sort of versification, was in the times in which it was written a prodigy of harmony." In the same place, after praising the harmony of the "Rape of the Lock," he observes that the irregular measure at the opening of the *Allegro* and *Penseroso* "hurts our English ear." We can only wonder at the singular change of taste which induced our grandfathers to fancy that "harmony" of all things was their strong point, and that Pope's mechanical monotony was to the exquisite versification of Spencer and Milton as Greek sculpture to the work of some self-taught mediæval carver. The same incapacity for perceiving what to us appear almost self-evident truths is as obvious in a wider kind of criticism. When Voltaire called Shakespeare "a drunken savage," it was a mere outbreak of spleen; but Voltaire, in his sober words, and he is followed in this by Horace Walpole, speaks still more contemptuously of one of the two or three men who can be put beside Shakespeare. He marvels at the dullness of people who can admire anything so "stupitly extravagant and barbarous" as the *Divina Commedia*. These monstrous misunderstandings are to be explained by the natural incapacity of the subjects of one literary dynasty for judging of those of another. But the judgments of contemporaries on each other are not much more trustworthy. The long-continued contempt for Bunyan and Defoe was merely an expression of the ordinary feeling of the cultivated classes toward anything that was identified with Grubstreet; but it is curious to observe the incapacity of such a man as Johnson to understand Gray or Sterne, and the contempt which Walpole expressed for Johnson and Goldsmith, while he sincerely believed that the powers of Mason were destined to immortality. Nor, again, can we flatter ourselves that this narrow vision was characteristic only of a school which has now decayed. We may find blunders equally palpable in the opinions expressed by the great poets at the beginning of this century. Such, for example, is the apparently sincere conviction that Rogers and Moore were the truest poets among his contemporaries; that Pope was the first of all English, if not of all existing, poets; and that Wordsworth was nothing but a namby-pamby drowler. The school of Wordsworth and Southey uttered judgments at least equally hasty in the opposite direction. Many odd instances of the degree in which prejudice can blind a man of genuine taste are to be found in the writings of their disciple, De Quincey. To mention no other, he speaks of "Mr. Goethe" as an immoral and second-rate author, who owes his reputation chiefly to the

fact of his long life and his position at the Court of Weimar, with which we may compare Charles Lamb's decided preference for Mr. Malrow's *Dr. Faustus* to Goethe's immortal *Faust*.—*Saturday Review*.

Hallucinations of Genius.

IT is curious to note the number of men eminent in literature or prominent in history who have been the subjects of temporary or persistent hallucinations, or of whom, at all events, such an allegation has been made. Hyacinthe Langlois, an intimate friend of Talma, relates that that celebrated actor informed him that when he came upon the stage he was able, by force of will, to make his large and brilliant auditory disappear, and to substitute skeletons in their place. When his imagination had thus filled the theatre with these singular spectators, their reactive power on himself was such as often to give his personations a most powerful effect. Sir Thomas Browne, Jerome Cardag and Goethe also possessed, in various degrees, this remarkable faculty. In something of the same way, the mass of the people interpret the accounts that Socrates had warnings from his demon; Brutus saw his evil genius before Philippi; Cromwell was visited by a woman of gigantic stature, who assured him he would yet be king. Napoleon believed in his star, at which General Rapp found him on one occasion gazing in rapture; Joan of Arc heard voices and had revelations; Lord Castlereagh saw, on one occasion, a spectral child; Ben Johnson informed Drummond of Hawthornden that he had passed a night in looking at Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians; Malebranche heard the voice of Deity; Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, heard an agreeable noise in the heavens, which he accepted as a favorable response to his prayer for direction in regard to the publication of a book; Pope and Byron saw each, on one occasion, a spectre. The cases of Mohammed, Luther, Pascal, Ignatius Loyola, Colonel Gardiner, and a host of others, will occur to the reader as being, probably, examples of hallucination determined by that prolific source of illusions, strong religious feeling. It is noteworthy, as bearing on the theory of hallucinations, that they are not always reproductions of past states of consciousness.—*Home Journal*.

Miss Avonia Bonney is singing in the grand opera at Barietta, in Italy, where she has made a great hit. The management and the public are alike enthusiastic in regard to her fine dramatic and lyrical powers.

The Greeks propose a grand monument to Byron at Missolonghi, being great admirers of that author. The monasteries throughout Greece have responded generously to subscriptions for that purpose.

The Power of a Sweet Voice.

MADEMOISELLE DESGARCINS, a once celebrated actress, possessed a remarkably sweet and sympathetic voice. She had to speak to at once engage the strictest attention of an audience. The pure, womanly tones, at times earnest, serious, at others moved by the wildest passion, carried with it that music of the soul which appealed to and met with a response in every human heart. The strongest and least sympathetic were unable to suppress the unbidden tear, and multitudes were invariably moved at the will of this gentle woman. Some assassins having entered her apartment on one occasion, she so moved even these hardened men by the powerful seduction of her voice, that they left—vanquished by the gentle tones of this extraordinary woman.

A Valuable Contribution to the Vienna Exposition.

THOMAS NAST has received the appointment of Commissioner to Vienna, and embarked for the Austrian Capital. What will the *Journal of Civilization* do for its weekly supply of pictorial blackmailism? The gifted artist whose foul assaults upon everybody and everything which his unscrupulous employers dislike have made him so notorious, may be a curiosity at the great Exposition; but who can supply his place at home? America is prolific in dirty talent of all sorts, but we scarcely think her able to duplicate *Nast*. And where will the "civilization" of the aforesaid *Journal* be without *Nast*?

Kentucky sends a colored brass band to the Vienna Exposition.

Anton Rubinstein, the great pianist, was at one time so poor in Vienna that he had to give music lessons at half a florin each.

Strangers who promenade the straight streets of Boston, are warned not to walk too fast, as the city will not be held responsible for ruptures or sprains of the human body, that tries to twist through town faster than a walk.

O Music! Thou who bringest the receding waves of eternity nearer to the weary heart of man, as he stands upon the shore and longs to cross over! Art thou the evening breeze of this life, or the morning air of the future one?

We hear from Vienna of the deaths of Joseph Benesh, the venerable *Capellmeister* of the Burgtheater, at the age of seventy-eight; and of Leopold Sonnleithner, a distinguished amateur, well known as the devoted friend and admirer of Schubert.

An exchange has a learned and lucid article on "The Homologation of the Ideal." We had intended to write something on that subject ourselves at an early day, but this article covers the whole ground so completely that it leaves us nothing new to say.—*Norristown Herald*.

Kate Field on the Conversation-alists of the Opera.

IT PUTS an earnest clergyman who is wrestling with a congregation of cutaneous Christians; still more do I pity operatic singers, struggling against the giggling buzz of the boxes; for at least the clergyman is heard in silence, whereas with singers there is added to injury. It is the remains of the old contempt for "Her Majesty's servants." No one who really respects dramatic art will talk through a performance, however bad it may be. Indeed, no one who respects himself, or has any consideration for others, will be guilty of so gross a breach of etiquette. Yet many an opera has been spoiled for me by so-called ladies and gentlemen, the sound of whose conversation has been loud enough to be sometimes heard across the auditorium. Contrasting this conduct with the perfect decorum of pit and gallery, I have asked myself why the boxes came to the opera—why they did not remain at the theatre, and the laws of their being without detriment to the public. The public really have rights that individuals are bound to respect, although the immunity accorded to murderers of men and music seems to gainsay the fact. As the press has undertaken to hang the former class of offenders, why should it not administer proper chastisement to the latter? To give the numbers of the boxes in which loud talking takes place might produce beneficial results; if it failed, the publication of the names of offenders would certainly bring about reform. I make you a present of this suggestion, and trust that you will not be more grateful for it than will the social sinners whose manners I have dared to impugn. Besides talking, which may be called the slight direct, there is the slight oblique, which consists in turning one's back on artists. Now, there is no reason why people should be forced to listen to execrable singing. They can either go on or, if in the proscenium boxes, they can withdraw from view, and forget the infiction; but when "ladies" and "gentlemen," conspicuously seated, turn their backs on artists who are human and really possess sensibilities, it seems to me that there is something rotten in our social code. I have seen this incivility visited upon Lucreia by the very persons who were loudest in her praise. Think how deep must be their admiration! Put it to yourself. How would you like to receive the cold shoulder in the midst of a passionate love-song? Do you not think it would modify your ardor as effectually as a gallon of ice-water poured down your spinal column? I do not know that you ever did sing a love-song, but being an editor you are a man, and being a man you are undoubtedly capable of appreciating and sympathizing with the dramatic situation.

SOCIETY'S CONSIDERATE TREATMENT OF ARTISTS.

We talk about the brutality of the lower classes, but is not that brutality worse which arrogates to itself refinement? Which is the most to blame? The car conductor who bullies passengers (I select the conductor because he is everybody's nuisance), or the genteel being who goes through the performances I have dilated upon? I prefer the conductor. He does not abide with us always, but the genteel being pursues us from the opera to every reception in town; and when the pianist of the evening, at the urgent request of the smiling hostess, sits down to perform the sonata, the person who has cost him the bulk of a lifetime, straightway a numerable genteel beings who, up to that moment, have been engulged in gloomy silence, burst into noisy conversation, as though, like singers, they were utterly incapable of opening their mouths without a piano forte accompani-

ment. This phenomenon is so universal as to cease to be phenomenal. I begin to believe it's as natural as fungus. The hostess might prevent its existence if she chose, but she does not choose. She smiles upon the brilliant conversationalists as well as upon the brilliant instrumentalist. She says "perfectly exquisite" to the latter, who inwardly writhes at the outrageous incivility of society. I am persuaded that music was invented for the purpose of setting tongues to wag.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Authors and their Habits.

EDGAR A. POE used to think over his subject until it was complete in his own mind before he took pen to write, and his manuscript was exceedingly neat and elegant; while, on the other hand, N. P. Willis, who was to appear on the most off-hand of journalists, was in the constant practice of changing the phraseology of his articles over and over again, even after they had gone into the hands of the printer, and the sheets were disfigured with many erasures and alterations, showing that the paragraphs, which flow as if dashed off on the spur of the moment, were, in reality, constructed with the utmost pains.

Surroundings, circumstances and the hour have all been potential in their influence. Christopher North chose the night, and sat in his shirt sleeves, in a small study, at a table littered with papers, books and pictures around, writing rapidly with a quill pen, his thoughts kindling more and more as the hours went on.

Another of the fastidious was Lambie. He wrote very slowly, and every word was subjected to the severest criticism, and the one which expressed the nicest shade of meaning was fixed upon. Macaulay made a general plan on large sheets of paper, with lines far apart; then filled in, crowding sentence upon sentence, until the whole was a marvel to see, and when change for the better, or illustration or amplification seemed impossible, copied in a fair hand for the printer. Dr. Channing, in preparing one sermon, actually wrote enough to make two or three, going on and on as his thoughts came rapidly, then cut out page after page, saving nothing but those portions which best expressed what he wished to preach.

Addison used to pace up and down the long hall at Holland House. Pope worked himself into a high state of excitement, and carved the sweet help of music. He was wont to lie awake at night, seeing celestial sights with his blind eyes, and in the morning he gave his visionary shape in immortal words, which others wrote down for him. Tom Moore had a little green terrace back of his house, at one end of which was a table, and he would walk there, especially at sunset, which was his favorite hour, and while watching the splendor in the west until it faded into the gray of twilight, his happiest thoughts came to him, and at the table he would stop and put them into rhyme. Another of the song-writers, Burns, composed while out walking or riding, and wrote when he came in, often revising several times. Even his letters were prepared from rough drafts.

Some of the most comical of Hood's things were written from a sick bed, as he lay there racked with pain, wholly unfluenced by the conditions; while, on the contrary, Bulwer is said to be so sensitive to his surroundings that he preferred to dress himself scrupulously, as for an evening party, before sitting down to write, and his eye needed the refreshment to be found in his picture-adorned and richly furnished library. And yet another, a

woman, whose writings are as impassioned as his earlier one, poor I. E. L., to whom all the elegancies of life would seem to have been almost a necessity, wrote in a homely, scantily furnished, hardly comfortable room, so carried away by what she was doing that the place was of no account to her; and so overcome was she that, when she left off, she was depressed and utterly exhausted.

This absorption of self is characteristic of many writers. The interest of Scott has been alluded to, and that of Dickens is well known. Artemus Ward has been described by one of his office companions, as sitting at a rickety table, in a shabby chair, perfectly oblivious of the presence of any one, so amused at what he was writing that he would laugh to himself, and bring his hand down on the table with claps of delight.—*St. Louis Times.*

BARRAS.

MR. CHARLES M. BARRAS, the dramatic author, died recently at Coscob, Conn. The circumstances of his death were painful in the extreme. He lived at Coscob, and usually took the express train on the New Haven road to reach home, and got off when the cars stopped at the Coscob bridge. On Sunday night he jumped off the cars carelessly, and instead of reaching the ground fell between the trestle, a distance of seventy feet, on the rocks below. Every effort was made to save his life, but the injuries were too severe. Mr. Barras may be called the most fortunate dramatic author who ever lived. He made a very large fortune from one play—"The Black Crook"—which was the only one of consequence he has produced. The circumstances of the production are very curious. Mr. Barras, in the spring of 1860, called upon Mr. William Wheatley, then manager of Viblo's Garden Theatre, and offered him the play of "The Black Crook." Mr. Wheatley looked over it and decided not to produce it. In the meantime, however, the Academy of Music burned down, and Mr. Harry Palmer was left with a large ballet troupe on his hands, which he had engaged in Europe, and which he had intended bringing out at the Academy. Mr. Palmer went from one theatre to another, offering his ballet troupe, which had not yet arrived, but the various managers either could not make use of it, or did not trust the success of the venture. At length Mr. Palmer and Mr. Jarrett (who had formed a partnership) offered the troupe to Mr. William Wheatley. This gentleman was at first indisposed to engage in the speculation; but remembering the pigeon-holed play of "The Black Crook," he finally thought it might be utilized with the adjunct of ballet, and determined to bring it out. Mr. Barras made very profitable terms, insuring himself a salary every two weeks of the run of the piece. As it was supposed the thing would "run" but a very short time this was consented to. It will be remembered what an enormous success the piece had. Mr. Barras received a handsome sum each night on condition he would forego the fortnightly benefit. In this way he was enabled to go to the play, the piece elsewhere, he accumulated a large fortune, variously estimated at from two hundred thousand to four hundred thousand dollars. The name alone of the play was the magnet, for after some time hardly a trace of the original drama remained. Until this production Mr. Barras was very poor, and eked out but a scanty livelihood by writing. He was about forty-seven years of age, and an Englishman, but had been in this country many years.—*New York Herald.*

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